AN ARMY WIFE

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I. Fanny McLane should not have accepted the Graftons' invitation to visit them

why she never mentioned the matter to her sister, Mrs. Parry, until that lady surprised her in the midst of the pack-"Where are you going, Fan?" was the

query, half aggrieved, half aggressivedently presumed to contemplate some

to spend a week or two with the Graf-

"The Graftons! Fanny McLane! You don't mean you're going to Fort Sedgwick?"

"That's their station," answered Mrs. McLane, with slight access of color.

She was still standing at the open doorway, glancing quickly from trunk to trunk in the sunshiny but littered room. one moment as she looked at the maid | him. Saratoga, and in dumb show intimated to her sister that she wished that openeyed, open-eared domestic elsewhere. But Mrs. McLane was blind to any sig-

nals. Indeed, she seemed at the moment to find it necessary to supervise some of Annette's work, noting which symptom Mrs. Parry's scruples vanished.

the last place on earth you should go to A redder spot burns in each fair cheek

faces her accuser. "And why not, pray? The Graftons are the oldest, dearest friends I have, at

least she is." suppose-or his plain wife?"

"Mr. Merriam's whereabouts are matters of entire indifference to me, as you Charlotte."

"Ought to be matters of indifference, I concede, but I have grave doubts as to whether they are, as you say."

"Then keep your doubts and suspicions to yourself, Charlotte," said Mrs. McLane, with brimming eyes and burning cheeks. "This is no place to speak of such matters," and the brimming eyes-which their owner tries hard to induce to blaze instead of brim-turn significantly toward Annette, busily packing and assiduously feigning unconsciousness, and then almost deflantly turn back to her sister.

"I know perfectly well what you mean, Frances," responds the elder, and when Charlotte and Frances were adopted instead of "Lot" and "Fan" it meant that the sororal relations were more than

"I gave you every signal ingenuity could suggest, but you wouldn't see. You didn't want to see, because you thought that"-and here Mrs. Parry indicates the kneeling Annette with a nod of her very stylishly coiffed head-"that would keep me from speaking. But this is a care where duty cannot be neglected. Fanny, are you in your right senses?" "In every one of the seven, Charlotte,

and I don't mean to listen to abuse. You know perfectly well Dr. Mellon said I

Bermuda, go to St. Augustine-go to St. Petersburg, Fan-anywhere on earth rather than Fort Sedgwick-anywhere Merriam happens to be-unless you would have me believe you lost to-"

male biped who officiates as butler, hall boy and major domo at the Clarendon chokes in the necessity for sudden stop.

Lane is busy bathing her flushed cheeks already. "How does my hair look?" she adds, turning inquiringly toward the defeated elder, sure that whatsoever source of quarrel there may be, that, at least, is subject for truce.

"Your hair is all right," responded her sister, with marked emphasis and as marked a sense of baffled purpose. "I wish the rest of your head were as well balanced. You don't expect me to see Mr. Swinburne, I suppose?" "Mr. Swinburne certainly doesn't ex-

pect to see you. He is coming mainly "You might far better listen to his business, as you call it, even this soon,

than go near Randy Merriam." "Charlotte, I will not listen to you. If you cannot stay here without insulting me with every other word, you would much better go home and stay home until you can speak-sensibly." And with this Mrs. McLane darts past her sister into the passageway and so on to the parlor front of her suite of apartments just as the little electric indicator tells that the elevator has stopped and that some one is at the entrance door, It is Swinburne, a well-preserved, mutton-chop whiskered, carefully groomed fellow of forty-five, and Swinburne bows delightedly over the slender white hand of the pretty and youthful widow and disappears with her within the cosy par-

"How long has Mrs. McLane been packing?" asks Mrs. Parry presently of

"How long, mum? Oh, two or three days only, though we got down the trunks, mum, on Wednesday last," is Annette's reply.

"Four trunks and four days packing to spend a week or so at a frontier post." says Mrs. Parry to herself, with increasing wrath. Then turning, she sweeps through the hallway with the mien of an offended queen, passes the parlor door with barely a glance at the bright, cheery interior, lets herself out with a in front of the cage until the elevator noiselessly answers her signal and then lowers her to the mosaic pavement of the ground floor. "To Mr. Parry's office," she says to her coachman as she enters the waiting carriage and is whirled rapidly away down the avenue, past the

dancing waters of the lake. "Ned," she cries, twenty minutes later, as she precipitates herself into Mr. Par- ters, despite the fact that they had lived post should have been located, but all ry's ground-glass citadel at the rear of most of their life together. Educated that was Indian reservation when Sedg-

pleased he is at the sight of his hand-before they had been home a month, hundred or more of enterprising settlers, support the cairns, which rise above the high-water mark.

(Copyright, 1306, by F. Tennyson Neely.) have to do, Mrs. Parry, when you come to this office for advice is to pay the customary retaining fee," he responds as he takes her carefully gloved hand in his long fingers and bends forward for a at Fort Sedgwick. Perhaps that was kiss. She recoils, pleased, yet provoked. He should have been startled at her revelation, even though he did wish for

> "Is that the customary retaining fee, sir?" she asks, demurely, forgetful for the moment of the portentous news she brings. "I heard you had quite a number of feminine clients." "So many that my partners find it a

difficult to straighten out their accounts as I do their stories. Pardon me, Mrs. Parry, did you say I was retained? If journey without previous consultation so," and the junior member of the distinguished firm of Graeme, Rayburn & "I? Why, I thought you knew. Going Parry again bends downward toward the dolph Merriam fall deeply and devoted-

> You shouldn't charge members of the "I don't," he answers, reflectively, "in all cases. There's Aunt Mildred, for in-

stance, and Aunt Charlotte and grand- her younger sister. Mrs. Parry had not yet seated herself. ma, but you and Fan now-" "Fan! Why should she k-consult

"Why, do you know, Lot, I've never once asked her. She might select some Now she took a step forward, hesitated other fellow in the firm and k-consult | New York, the guardians of the girls, "Ned, you're simply horrid now. never did like you when you tried to be

> here unless I'm troubled about something, and you're just laughing at me conspicuously fails. "One of the first principles of my large and successful practice, Mrs. Parry, is to secure prepayment of the retaining fee

in all cases where I have reason to be-"Fanny, you know perfectly well that's lieve the client will subsequently act contrary to my advice. When you have-Ah, that will have to do, I presume, now, and Mr. McLane not a year in his though it came with a bad grace. And "Yes, and Randy Merriam's hardly been married a month longer than Mr. | all to no purpose. The more he thought, McLane's been dead."

is married, isn't he?"

mind runs to such things." "And Randy Merriam-isn't there, I like running to such things, my best beloved, and is only deterred from doing in his being made welcome at Parry's so by the fact that a touch of the but- | club, received quite as Parry was at the ton makes it do the running. What | shall I order for you?" And Mr. Parry transfers her left hand to its mate reposing in his left and stretches forth the right toward his desk.

"I want nothing," she answered, "but advice, and no more nonsense. Ned," appealingly, "what ought I to do? What

"Are you sure you can do just what I tell you, Lot?" he asks, a fond light playing in his eyes, despite the half teasing

"Of course I can. Don't I-always?" "Well-ahem-I have known instances But you will do just what I say?" "Yes, Ned, I will."

"Then, your ladyship, let her go and lon't worry. I don't, I haven't, a bit." "Why, then you have known she was going-she has told you?" "She hasn't. I learned it from Swin-

"Three days ago." "And you never told me, Ned," re-"Fact," says Ned, sagely and sententiously. "You would have protested. She would have been the more obsti-

been a row, and all to no purpose. Fan has had her own way since she cut her first baby tooth, and there's nothing on earth so independent as a well-to-do young widow. Swinburne's found that "Ned, I can't bear Swinburne, but I'd

rather she'd marry him-as soon as it's lecent to marry anybody-than go out there and fling herself in Randy Merriam's way again. Everybody knows the "Yes. It was rather a public exhibi-

tion of mitten giving, I'll admit," says Parry, reflectively, "and not two years ago either," he added. Then suddenly, "Well, then, go to New Orleans, go to | "Lot, what sort of fellow is Captain

"A very dignified, majestic personage -a good deal older than she is, you know, but she's devoted to him and he under heaven except where Randolph to her. There's a woman who doesn't do as she pleases, let me tell you. Captain Grafton will have no nonsense going on under his nose, and I'll tell Pan that if But here, with solemn mien, enters the she thinks to resume her old flirtation with Merriam she'll have to blind Graf-

Flats-a card upon the salver in his You're not to tell Fan anything except pudgy hand, and Mrs. Parry nearly good-bye. Yes-you may send our regards to Merriam by her. He's a particularly nice fellow, if she did throw "Ask Mr. Swinburne up," says Mrs. him over for old McLane and his for-McLane, promptly, barely glancing at tune. And, Mrs. Parry, I shouldn't be the black bordered card and evidently surprised if our particularly pert and glad of the interruption. "Now, Char- pretty sister were taught a very valuable lesson. Therefore, do I say let her go and Swinburne.'

And stop they do, finding the broker of sense. magnate still there, though in evident straits. Is it possible for a man in love to look pleased at the coming of visitors in the midst of even a prolonged tetea-tete? Swinburne doesn't. He looks infinitely distressed, and Parry doesn't fail nobody else ever does, and by the time to remark it.

of seeing you here at this hour? I sup- charges. You cannot count on a cent of

"No-er-I had business to discuss with Mrs. McLane before her start for terest, get your life insured in his favor the West—a journey which I had much and go out and join your troop. We can had simply taken hold of the handles and have you relieved as at your own refaith did the rest. her from taking."

"Oh, bless you, no," responds Parry, can save so much a month, and little by the bottom of the eastern Atlantic are cheerfully. "The doctor advises change little pull yourself out. of scene and air, doesn't he, Fan? And Sedgwick's the very place for both, chosen friends and pleasant surround-There's no scenery within ten miles of ings, this was exactly what Randy Merit, and there's more air than they know riam did. Ned Parry, with a puzzled what to do with ten hours out of twelve. look on his face, had listened to his It blows a blizzard there six times a mournful recital, had promptly offered week, doesn't it, Fan?"

objectionable climate," says Swinburne, ceipts," for Parry had a theory of his tiffly, and looking ruefully at the fair own.

Sedgwick was as dreary a post, so far as surroundings were concerned, as could be found in the West. It stood on the company for \$10,000 and the chance of the chance stiffly, and looking ruefully at the fair own. young widow. "I have not the honor of anybody's acquaintance there," he adds. as surroundings were concerned. as Captain and Mrs. Grafton, old friends a pebbly mesa, flat and barren, over-Captain and Mrs. Grafton, old friends a pebbly mesa, flat and barren, over- not opening the theater that night for of Fan's, you know—that is Mrs. Graf- looking the narrow, tortuous. shallow \$2,500. This quaint bit of business was done

raft of pleasant people there." Mrs. McLane's pretty face at this! juncture is a study. She is flushed, al- The only trees were some willows down most tearful; ready to pull Ned Parry's in an arroyo that emptied its rivulet hair in her wrath, yet hardly able to after a rainstorm into the stream. The restrain her merriment at sight of Swin. only green things were the blinds and snap and a slam and stands angrily tapping her daintily booted foot on the rug
in front of the case until the elevator.

This includes not only shoeing horses, but quarters. Yet Sedgwick was a big post, in front of the case until the elevator. in-law has opportunities accorded no an important post, for a great Indian other mortal, and Parry is at once her reservation lay only twenty miles away torment and her delight. Mrs. McLane has been known to say that Charlotte took a very mean advantage of her in down stream, and, by riding a few miles having met him first and "landed" him

own lovely blue eyes. the big office, "what am I to do? Fan is actually packed and ready to start for Fort Sedgwick—where Mr. Merriam is stationed!"

Ned turns slowly toward her, trying not to show in his deep brown eyes how pleased he is at the sight of his hand-

leaves were falling-before Fan even dreamed that anything of the kind was in contemplation, for she, at the moment, was having what she termed a simply deliriously delightful time at the Point. Harriet Palmer, her especial friend at school both at home and abroad, had married Captain Grafton early that spring. Fan making almost her first appearance in society as one tions of the groomsman assigned to her, handsome, soldierly fellow by the name of Merriam. He was an officer several years the junior of Captain Grafton, but, being of the Captain's regiment and conveniently stationed at West Point, he had been called into requise tion with others of his cloth, and a very pretty wedding they had had, and then as luck would have it, Grafton himself was offered a detail at the academy, and rather than take his bride to the far frontier so soon after their marriage, he accepted it, and there they spent the summer, and there, in July, Miss Frances Hayward joined them at Mrs. Grafton's urgent request, and there did Mr. Ranly in love with her, and no one won-"You're absurd, Ned, if that's what dered. By far and away she was the you mean," replies Mrs. Parry, secretly | prettiest girl at the Point that summer, delighted at the loverlike ways of her and Merriam was conceded to be a lord. "I've a mind not to pay-anything. mighty lucky fellow when, very soon after the announcement of Charlotte Hayward's forthcoming marriage to Edward Parry, he allowed himself to be congratulated upon his engagement to

And he had every right to consider himself engaged. She had accepted his attentions, his devotions, eventually his ring and also his presents. He had called upon Aunt and Uncle Mellen in and startled them out of all equanimity by the announcement that Miss Hayward had accepted the offer of his heart funny. You know I never interrupt you | and hand conditioned only on their con sent, which he besought them to give. "I own I never thought of her marryinstead of sympathizing," and Mrs. Ned | ing in the army," said Aunt Charlotte pretends to pull away her hands, but as do other aunts and mothers after their girls have been campaigning at the

> "What income, if any, have you outside your pay?" was Uncle Mellen's more to the point interrogation.

"Nothing, sir." "Well, neither has she. That is, what she has is so small it wouldn't keep that extravagant child in gloves. You two now you say Fan is going to Sedgwick?" | had better be sensible and think it over." Randy Merriam did think it over, but the more he declared himself hopeless-"Astounding coincidence! But Brandy | ly and irrevocably in love, and as Miss Fan took kindly to his protestations and "Randy, Ned, not Brandy-how your | Parry and Charlotte took kindly to him and sympathized with the soldierly fel-"Well, toward 5 p. m. the firm does feel | low, who was evidently much of a gentleman and so much in love, it resulted Mellens-since not oftener than once a week could he get away from his duties at the Point, and when Ned and Charlotte were married, as they were in state and style early in the winter, Merriam had many a good reason for believing that, despite his poverty, the next wedding reception held at the Mellens' beautiful home would be one in which he would be vitally interested.

Well, he was; but not in the way or manner expected. In fact, he did not attend the ceremony or the reception; indeed, he was not bidden. A very disagreeable thing happened to him within a month after the Parry-Hayward wed-ding, one that overwhelmed him with mortification and distress, and caused no little indignation among his comrades.

Everybody knew Randy Merriam was in debt. He made no secret of it. He was extravagant in his tastes, had incurred obligations before going on duty at the Point, and found it impossible to "catch up" there. There were three or four accounts he had been asked to settle, as they had been running some time, but he put them off from month to month, hoping that he might soon be able to obtain possession of a small sum nately determined. There would have of money left him by the will of a relative two years before. It was only a few thousand dollars, yet even that nad been contested, together with a number of similar bequests, and the legal complications had been as exasperating as the law's delay could make them. One day soon after Charlotte's wedding Merriam was summoned to the presence of the superintendent and was regretfully told that four of his creditors had united to an appeal to the War Department, and the matter had been referred to him as post commander. Merriam was confounded. He had seen and talked with one of them only a few weeks before, and no such action had even been hinted at. Nor did he know that any one of their number was aware of his indebtedness to the others. Frankly he had told Miss Fan of these matters before he told her of his love, but it made, apparently, no impression on her. "Let them wait," she said. "You'll soon be able to pay them ten times over." Frankly he had talked of it to one or two of his intimates, and later to Parry, who had grown to like him, and who, as a lawyer, thought his little inheritance could not be much longer withheld. It would free him; it would very prettily furnish their quarters and still leave a few hundreds to the fore. He remembered, too, that Uncle Mellen had made some inquiries of him, and that in perfect frankness he had replied. And now, just at the moment when he was full of hope and happiness, came this cruel mortification. Such action on the part the colonel the whole story, and the Victor Hugo for "Les Miserables," which colonel was full of sympathy, but as full was published in ten languages. the colonel the whole story, and the

"I'm sorry, Merriam," said he, "but that inheritance. When lawyers once though it will not smell so sweet. get hold of an estate it's dollars to dimes posed you never missed a day like this it. You cannot save anything to speak for a drive, yet your team isn't at the of here. Just capitalize those debts of years; borrow the money from some business man on reasonable time and inquest, and once out on the frontier you

And leaving his pretty sweetheart, his his services and his bank account, and "Then I presume the residents of the made but one stipulation. "Don't you go post must be unusually charming to off- near those fellows, Merriam. Let me set such monotony of landscape and such have the bills and I'll send you the re-

ton is, and there's Lieutenant Merriam- | canyon through which ripples the waters | at Lloyds' for a premium of \$25. splendid fellow, that. We knew him so of the San Mateo. Across the western well when he was on duty at the Point. horizon hung a low, jagged curtain of And there's Minturn, of the artillery, distant, blue mountains. Far away to there with his battery. He used to visit | the northwest a snow peak shimmered us often when Merriam was philander- in the dazzling sunshine, but north, east ing about Fan here-Oh, yes, there's a and south the low rolling contour of the prairie, like the ground swell of the ocean, was lost in illimitable monotony. toward the mountains. Two lines of railways met at the function three miles westward, one came suddenly upon a before he ever saw the sunshine of her fertile valley, where grass and trees abounded, and where all nature seemed Very little alike were these two sis- to smile, and where by rights the old



garrison at Sedgwick was peace and good will and every kindly relation when Randy Merriam came out in the December of the Columbian year, determined to take his punishment like a man. He had sworn off cigars and extravagances of any and every kind. For a time he even declined to subscribe to the hops which were charming affairs, for the band was excellent and the regiment blessed with many lovely and lovable women. "Merriam spends all his money in stamps," was the comment of the garrison wits, for he wrote day after day to his distant darling in the East. That winter Ned Parry accepted the junior partnership in the great firm of Graeme & Rayburn in Chicago, and moved thither with his lovely wife, while Far remained with Aunt and Uncle Mellen in Gotham, pining, presumably, for her far-away soldier boy, and yet writing much less frequently than he did, for

and auntie kept her "on the go." One day in April there came a letter from the East at sight of which Randy Merriam's face was radiant with joy. It briefly told him that the long litigation was over, and that some thirtyfive hundred dollars, all that was left of the original six thousand, were at his disposal. Jubilantly, confidently then, he wrote to Fanny to name the day, and in course of time there came a reply. long, self-accusing, penitent, miserable, but all sufficient. The day was named and so was the man—Mr. John Harold McLane, of New York, a wealthy widower of fifty-five.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The bay of Fundy has the highest tide in the world. It rises a foot every five minutes, and sometimes attains a height of

Despite its feminine name, Aliceton, Wis., is the only town in the country without one woman inhabitant. Its population is about Trouble with the Turk may delay work on the proposed railroad bridge across the Bosphorus at Constantinople. It will be

8.645 feet long. The city of Sydney, Australia, has imposed a fine of \$5 upon any person convicted of spitting upon the floor of public buildings or upon the street.

On the eastern coast of Ireland it rains on an average 208 days in the year, in England about 150 days, at Kazan about ninety days and in Siberia only sixty. The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is first built and ele-vated on a skeleton frame. Then it affords shelter to the workmen from storms.

In the event of war Russia is said to be able to put in the field about 7,813,000 men and over 500,000 horses. The peace establish-ment is 840,503 officers and men and 390,000 Most of the inhabitants of Haugesun Norway, have never tasted intoxicants. It has a population of 6,200, and for twenty-

nine years not a drop of spirituous liquor has been sold there. Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period 400,-000 miles have been constructed, the British empire accounting for about a sixth.

All persons born in her Majesty's domin-ions, whether of British or foreign parents, are by the British law deemed to be British subjects; also children and grandchildren of natural-born British subjects wherever

Vessels are found on Egyptian monu-ments ranging from the time of the fourth dynasty, or more than three thousand years efore Christ. So there can be little doubt that the Egyptians had a navy at least as early as 2000 B. C.

We first read of duties in connection with fiftieth part, or 2 per cent., upon imports and exports. This tax produced in the year 400 B. C., when trade was depressed,

Fall River claims the smallest voter in he United States in the person of James Gardner, who is only thirty-two inches tall. He was born in England in 1870 and came

to America in 1880, since when he has worked in a mill at Fall River. The largest sum paid for a single novel lotte, not another word unless you wish me to show how indignant I am to every going, suppose you drive me home with solemn fact. Deeply chagrined, he told Eighty thousand dollars was received by Vision Hugo for "Les Miserables," which

A very pleasant remedy for the itching of chilblains when the skin is not broken is there's only one thing for you to do. eau de cologne well rubbed in. The effect There's no telling when you'll ever get Any other spirit will do almost as well The Argentine Republic consists of a federation of fourteen states and nine terri-"Hullo, Swinburne. Who'd 'a thought | judgment is awarded in your favor it tories. The population is not far short of will be eaten up in fees and innumerable 5,000,000. For eight months of 1895 the aver-

age monthly shipment of live cattle was 7,000 steers and 41,000 head of sheep. A Lewiston, Me., man borrowed a neighbor's battery for treatment of his rheumatism. After he had been cured by application of the battery he discovered that he had never turned on the current once. He

The belief that the shallower parts of parts of a submerged continent once joined to the mainland seems to be growing. Scientific evidence in support of Plato's story of a lost Atlantis has recently multi-plied a hundredfold.

France is one of the best paved countries in the world. The first Napoleon instituted and carried out a road system which gave France the roads which are lasting monuments to the Napoleonic foresight and shrewdness. These roads, always passable and reaching all the centers of population, are competitors of the railways.

A laborius genealogist announces that Queen Victoria had nine children, of whom she has lost two; forty-one grandchildren, of whom eight have died, and twenty-three great grandchildren, all of whom are living.

She has, therefore, sixty-three descendants living—seven children, thirty-three grand-children and twenty-three of the next gen-In Saxony no one is permitted to shoe horses unless he has passed a public examination and is properly qualified. A great school at Dresden has students from all

saves a great deal of money for farmers

and others owning horses. The industrial exposition of Berlin, which will be opened in 1826, is rapidly assuming shape. Nearly all the buildings are under roof, and the workmen are now busy with the interior and exterior decorations. The main building of the exposition is enormous. It has a front of 670 feet, while its depth is 690 feet. The floor space of this gigantic building is 591,800 square feet.



OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. New Every Morning. Every day is a fresh beginning; Every morn is the world made new:

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you: A hope for me and a hope for you. All the past things are past and over: The tasks are done, and the tears are

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover; Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and Are healed with the healing which night

Yesterday now is a part of forever, Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them, Cannot undo and cannot atone; God in his mercy receive, forgive them; Only the new days are our own; To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly: Here is the spent earth all reborn: Here are the tired limbs springing lightly To face the sun and to share with the

In the chrism of dew and the cool of

Every day is a fresh beginning: Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain, And spite of old sorrow and older sinning, And puzzles forecasted and possible pain, Take heart with the day, and begin

> -Susan Coolidge. Norah McGill. The ways of a woman, Would puzzle a wise man Alive or dead; An' faith! I'm thinkin' He'd say so still, If ever he'd met with Norah McGill.

The wiles of a woman, Antony said, Were past believin' An' better fled; An' faith! I'm thinkin' He'd say so stin,
If ever he'd looked on
Norah MoGill.

The word of a woman, Malachi said, Was as easy snapt
As a spider's thread:
An' faith! I'm thinkin' He'd say so still, If ever he'd talked with

Norah McGill. An' yet there's nothin' With the blue of her eyes, An' the black of her hair; An' faith! I'm thinkin'

She likes me still,

The while she's plaguin' me, Norah McGill. -Temple Bar. My Lady and I went walking one day, My Lady was beautiful, bright and gay;

And I-well, I was a Fool. As we stood on a cliff, with the sea below, There were fleecy clouds in the sky above; And I—I was only a Fool, you know— I tried to tell her my love.

remember, well, that the skies were blue, Yet the wind from the North came some-As my Lady laughed. What else could she

Since I was only a Fool? And I know, had she acted otherwise, Left the holy height upon which she was And come down to me-in sudden surprise My love would have turned to scorn.

Ah yes! I am sure it was better so Much better for her that she laughed, un-As for me, though still but a Fool, you I am wiser for having loved. -Geraldine Meyrick.

Asking for Tears. Oh, let me come to Thee in this wild way, Fill'd with a grief that will not sleep, to Of all Thy treasures, Father, only one, After which I may say-Thy will be done. Nay, fear not, Thou, to make my time too

I nurse a sorrow—kiss its hands and feet, Call it all piteous, precious names and try, Awake at night, to hush its helpless cry. The sand is at my moaning lip, the glare Of the uplifted desert fills the air; My eyes are blind and burning, and the Stretch on before me. Therefore, give me -Mrs. Platt.

Voice of the Western Wind. Voice of the western wind! Thou singest from afar! Rich with the music of a land Where all my memories are; But in thy song I only hear The echo of a tone That fell divinely on my ear In days forever flown.

Star of the Western sky! Thou beamest from afar, With luster caught from eyes I knew. Whose orbs were each a star; But, oh, those orbs—too wildly bright— No more eclipse thine own, And never shall I find the light Of days forever flown! -E. C. Stedman.

A March Bird. Though blasts of March are roaring high. And clouds run races through the sky, And weathercocks are vexed to know Which way to point the winds that blow.
And in the snowdrifts on the hill
Winter lies hid in ambush still— Thou, little bird, with faithful wing Hast staked thy life upon the spring-Hast come, so full of life possessed Winds ruffle but thine outer breast. Perched on the garden's tallest pear, Because last year thy nest was there,

Unto the halcyon days of June. -St. Nicholas. A Water Lily. Radiant and pure as a pearl The exquisite petals unfold, And fragrance like frankincense floats From the bosom of tremulous gold.

Such mystical, innocent beauty, With subtle-sweet, odorous breath,
Has sprung where the water broods black
Over evil the Carkness and death. -Z. D. Caderhill, in March Harper. Insatiate Appetite.

Washington Post. A very plump young woman sat opposite me in a cable car the other evening. She was manifestly on such good terms with herself that you felt minded to slam things at her. Therefore, I was glad of a sourfaced man who sat next her, listening with a sneer to her artless prattle with her chum. She talked of clothes, and of the price of them. Money, of course, was no

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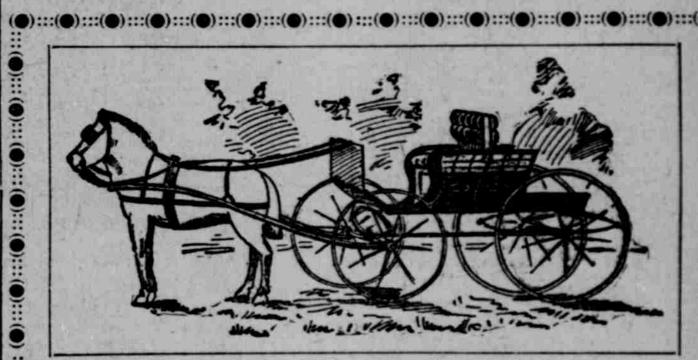
Has been n this century.

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talk loud in cable cars. By and by she veered around to Maud, who has just come home from Paris with clothes. "My!" said the to see her and her gowns. since she wrote me she was coming home curiosity has fairly devoured me.' The sour-faced man spoke.

must have!" said he. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Not Hard.

"What a tremendous appetite curiosity

Roxbury Gazette. The Master - Is it raining very hard, The Servant-No, sir; only hailstones, sir. Entitled to Some Consideration.

Chicago Tribune. "The officer says you were so drunk that you couldn't stand up," said the judge.
"Well, I wasn't tryin' to, was I," pleaded the prisoner.

Probably Not. Detroit Tribune. "No," he muttered, with the next morning full upon him, "I don't believe the town is as red as it is sometimes painted.' Tottering to the window, he satisfied himself that such was the fact.

No Wonder. Princeton Tiger. Tom-That man over there has been qui successful, I believe. Bob-Perhaps he takes a great deal of in-terest in his business. Tom-Yes, he is a pawnbroker.

A Warning. New York Herald. Mr. Lard-Mr. Fresh, you're late this Mr. Fresh-Yes, sir; we've got a new baby Mr. Lard-Um-er-well, don't let it occur

They All Do It. Adams (Mass.) Freeman. "Talk of man," roared the female eman-ipator, "what has man ever done for wo-"Furnished a model for her to imitate." said a voice in the rear of the hall, and then an awful quiet reigned. Envoi.

Philadelphia North American. Why did he throw up the sponge, Who was so innocent and younge Oh, simply because that particular poet ouldn't find a word to rhyme with bloomers. That's why. Sad, wasn't it?

A Modern Romance. New York Weekly. Amelia-Swear not by the moon, the Augustus—Then what shall I swear by?
"Swear by that which you hold invaluable;
omething which is dearer to you than all ings else; something that you cannot live Then, Amelia, I love you! I swear it by

my salary."

The Principle the Same. oston Transcript. Mrs. Green-I don't see why you should be so cross just because I used your razor to cut off a wart. Why, Mrs. White tells

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me she uses her husband's razor right along for a corn parer, and he never says a word Mr. Green-But don't you know that Mr. White doesn't shave, but wears a full beard? Mrs. Green-Well, what's the difference? It's the principle of the thing, you know as well as I do.

The Problem.

Detroit Tribune. "No," she proceeded in a harsh, advanced voice, "you can't come home here at o'clock in the morning and work off any of your problem stories on me By pressing his hand firmly to his brow. he was able to formulate the conscious regret that he had not been born a few hundred years sooner.

A Straight Story.

San Diego Sun.

Dangerous Dick-You tol' me yer father kept a clothin' store before he died, an' now I find out that he was hung for hoss Arizona Abe (indignantly)—I never said he kept a clothin' store. I said he was in the clothesline when he died. That's what they hung him with. Understand?

Misunderstood. Cleveland World.

Miss Gazeaway-He's the dearest, love-liest, handsomest fellow you ever saw, and I'm going to get him or perish in the at-Aunt-Aren't you ashamed. Margaret, to

throw yourself at a man in that fashi Miss Gazeaway—It's funny, auntie, y